

And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
Then since the Heauens haue shap'd my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keep'st it from the Light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzze abroad such Prophecies,
That *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome.

Exit.

Flourish. Enter *King, Queens, Clarence, Richard, Hastings,*
Nurse, and Attendants.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberland: two brauer men,
Ne're spurr'd their Couriers at the Trumpets found.
With them, the two braue Beares, *Warwick & Montague*,
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forre't tremble when they roar'd.

Thus haue we swept Suspicion from our Seate,
And made our Footstoolle of Security.
Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my Boy:
Yong *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my selfe,
Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers scalding heate,
That thou might'st repofesse the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Rich. Ile blast his Haruest, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that shalt execute.

King. *Clarence* and *Gloster*, loue my louely Queene,
And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.

Cl. The duty that I owe vnto your Maiesty,
I Sealé vpon the lips of this sweet Babe.

Cl. Thanke Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I loue the tree fro whence *Y* sprang't:
Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the Fruite,
To say the truth, so *Iudas* kist his master,
And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.

King. Now am I seated as my soule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.

Cl. What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret*,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, far well fowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy.

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.



The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Richard Duke of Gloster. solus.*

Now is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that low'd vpon our house
In the deepe bosome of the Ocean buried.

Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our sterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Measures.
Grim-visag'd Warre, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fight the Soules of fearfull Aduerfaries,
He capers nimble in a Ladies Chamber,

To the lasciuious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportie trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glasse:
I, that am Rudely stamp'd, and want loues Maiesty,

To strut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce halfe made vp,
And that so lamely and vn-fashionable,
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.

Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Haue no delight to passe away the time,
Vnlesse to see my Shadow in the Sunne,
And descent on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot proue a Louer,
To entertaine these faire well spoken dayes,
I am determin'd to proue a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots haue I laid, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreames,
To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if *King Edward* be as true and iust,
As I am Subtle, Falie, and Treacherous,
This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd vp:
About a Prophecie, which sayes that *C*,
Of *Edward*'s heyres the murtherer shall be.
Dine thoughts downe to my soule, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter *Clarence*, and *Brakenbury* guarded.
Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard

That waites vpon your Grace?

Cl. His Maiesty tending my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to th' Tower.

Rich. Vpon what cause?

Cl. Because my name is *George*.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Maiesty hath some intent,
That you should be new Christned in the Tower,
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cl. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Prophecies and Dreames,
And from the Crosse-row pluckes the letter *G*:
And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by *G*,
His issue disinherited should be.
And for my name of *George* begins with *G*,
It followes in his thought, that I am he.
These (as I learne) and such like toyes as these,
Hath mou'd his Highnesse to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis shee,
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not shee, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodcote her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cl. By heauen, I thinke there is no man secure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was, for her deliury?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Liury.
The iealous ore-worne Widdow, and her selfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gofsips in our Monarchy.

Bra. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Maiesty hath straightly giuen in charge,
That no man shall haue priuate Conference
(Of what degree soeuer) with your Brother.

Rich.